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Mr. John Cow=per's Poem.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Price *One Shilling.*

7.

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THE

EXEMPLE

OF

LA MORE.

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME: A VISION.

By Mr. *POPE.*

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT betwixt the two *Temple* Gates in *Fleet-street.* 1715.

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THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME

A

VISION

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Advertiſement.

THE Hint of the following Piece was taken from Chaucer's Houſe of Fame. *The Deſign is in a manner entirely alter'd, the Deſcriptions and moſt of the particular Thoughts my own: Yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgment, or think a Concealment of this Nature the leſs unfair for being common. The Reader who would compare this with* Chaucer, *may begin with his Third Book of* Fame, *there being nothing in the Two firſt Books that anſwers to their Title.*

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft Seaſon when deſcending Showers
Call forth the Greens, and wake the riſing Flowers;
When opening Buds ſalute the welcome Day,
And Earth relenting feels the Genial Ray;

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As balmy Sleep had charm'd my Cares to Reſt,
And Love it ſelf was baniſh'd from my Breaſt,
(What Time the Morn myſterious Viſions brings,
While purer Slumbers ſpread their golden Wings)
A Train of Phantoms in wild Order roſe,
And, join'd, this Intellectual Scene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt Earth, Seas, and Skies;
The whole Creation open to my Eyes:
In Air ſelf-ballanc'd hung the Globe below,
Where Mountains riſe, and circling Oceans flow;
Here naked Rocks, and empty Waſtes were ſeen,
There Tow'ry Cities, and the Foreſts green:
Here ſailing Ships delight the wand'ring Eyes;
There Trees, and intermingl'd Temples riſe:

Now

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Now a clear Sun the ſhining Scene diſplays,
The tranſient Landſcape now in Clouds decays.
O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous Sound,
Like broken Thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or Billows murm'ring on the hollow Shoar:
Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring Summit ambient Clouds conceal'd.
High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay,
Steep its Aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the Way;
The wond'rous Rock like *Parian* Marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd to diſtant Sight of ſolid Stone.
Inſcriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater Part by hoſtile Time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their Fame in Ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.

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Some freſh ingrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor cou'd their Trace be found.
Criticks I ſaw, that others Names deface,
And fix their own with Labour in their place:
Their own like others ſoon their Place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the Work impair'd by Storms alone,
But felt th'Approaches of too warm a Sun;
For Fame, impatient of Extreams, decays
Not more by Envy than Exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet Part no Injuries of Heav'n cou'd feel,
Like Cryſtal faithful to the graving Steel:
The Rocks high Summit, in the Temple's Shade,
Nor Heat could melt, nor beating Storm invade.
There Names inſcrib'd unnumber'd Ages paſt
From Time's firſt Birth, with Time it ſelf ſhall laſt;

Theſe

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These ever new, nor subject to Decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of Days

So *Zembla*'s Rocks (the beauteous Work of Frost)
Rise white in Air, and glitter o'er the Coast;
Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive Ice the Lightnings play:
Eternal Snows the growing Mass supply,
Till the bright Mountains prop th'incumbent Sky:
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary Pile appears,
The gather'd Winter of a thousand Years.

On this Foundation *Fame*'s high Temple stands;
Stupendous Pile! not rear'd by mortal Hands.
Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,
Or elder *Babylon*, its Frame excell'd.

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Four Faces had the Dome, and ev'ry Face
Of various Structure, but of equal Grace:
Four brazen Gates, on Columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent Quarters of the Sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker Ages born,
Or Worthys old, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
Who Cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous Race;
The fourfold Walls in breathing Statues grace:
Heroes in animated Marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in Stone.

Westward, a sumptuous Frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric Pillars of white Marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an Architrave of antique Mold,
And Sculpture rising on the roughen'd Gold.

In

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In ſhaggy Spoils here *Theſeus* was beheld,
And *Perſeus* dreadful with *Minerva*'s Shield:
There great *Alcides* ſtooping with his Toil,
Reſts on his Club, and holds th'*Heſperian* Spoil.
Here *Orpheus* ſings; Trees moving to the Sound
Start from their Roots, and form a Shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating Lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden *Thebes* aſpire;
Cythæron's Ecchoes anſwer'd to his Call,
And half the Mountain roll'd into a Wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning Spires aſcend,
The Domes ſwell up, the widening Arches bend,
The growing Tow'rs like Exhalations riſe,
And the huge Columns heave into the Skies.

The

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The Eastern Front was glorious to behold,
With Diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* Gold.
There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Assyrian* Fame,
And the Great Founder of the *Persian* Name:
There in long Robes the Royal *Magi* stand,
Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling Wand:
The sage *Chaldæans* rob'd in White appear'd,
And *Brachmans* deep in desart Woods rever'd.
These stop'd the Moon, and call'd th'unbody'd Shades
To Midnight Banquets in the glimmering Glades;
Made visionary Fabricks round them rise,
And airy Spectres skim before their Eyes;
Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the Pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary Hour.
Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,
Who taught that useful Science, to be *good*.

But

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But on the South a long Majestic Race
Of *Ægypt*'s Priests the gilded Niches grace, 15
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the Starry Spheres,
And trac'd the long Records of Lunar Years.
High on his Car *Sesostris* struck my View,
Whom sceptr'd Slaves in golden Harness drew:
His Hands a Bow and pointed Jav'lin hold,
His Giant Limbs are arm'd in Scales of Gold.
Between the Statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the Learn'd Walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of *Gothic* Structure was the Northern Side, 16
O'er-wrought with Ornaments of barb'rous Pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with Trophies crown'd,
And *Runic* Characters were grav'd around:

There

There sate *Zamolxis* with erected Eyes,
And *Odin* here in mimick Trances dies. *or Woden.*
There, on rude Iron Columns smear'd with Blood,
The horrid Forms of *Scythian* Heroes stood,
Druids and *Bards* (their once loud Harps unstrung)
And Youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
These and a Thousand more of doubtful Fame,
To whom old Fables gave a lasting Name,
In Ranks adorn'd the Temples outward Face;
The Wall in Lustre and Effect like Glass,
Which o'er each Object casting various Dies,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies.
Nor void of Emblem was the mystic Wall,
For thus Romantick Fame increases all,

The

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The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding Gates unfold,
Wide Vaults appear, and Roofs of fretted Gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand Pillars, wreath'd around
With Lawrel-Foliage, and with Eagles crown'd:
Of bright, tranſparent Beryl were the Walls,
The Freezes Gold, and Gold the Capitals:
As Heaven with Stars, the Roof with Jewels glows,
And ever living Lamps depend in Rows.
Full in the Paſſage of each ſpacious Gate
The ſage Hiſtorians in white Garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their Seats the Form of *Time* was found,
His Scythe revers'd, and both his Pinions bound.
Within, ſtood Heroes who thro' loud Alarms
In bloody Fields purſu'd Renown in Arms.
High on a Throne with Trophies charg'd, I view'd
The *Youth* that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;

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His Feet on Sceptres and *Tiara*'s trod,
And his horn'd Head expreſs'd the *Lybian* God.
There *Cæſar*, grac'd with both *Minerva*'s, ſhone;
Cæſar, the World's great Maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in every State;
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's Fate.
But chief were thoſe who not for Empire fought,
But with their Toils their People's Safety bought:
High o'er the reſt *Epaminondas* ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his Brother's Blood;
And *Scipio*, Saviour of the *Roman* State,
Great in his Triumphs, in Retirement great.

Here too the Wiſe and Good their Honours claim,
Much-ſuff'ring Heroes, of leſs noiſy Fame,

Fair

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Fair Virtue's silent Train: Supreme of these
Here ever shines the Godlike *Socrates*.
Here triumphs He whom *Athens* did expel,
In all things Just, but when he sign'd the Shell.
Here his Abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
With *Agis*, not the last of *Spartan* Names:
Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the Wound he tore,
And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the Centre of the hallow'd Quire
Six pompous Columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the Shrine it self of *Fame* they stand,
Hold the chief Honours, and the Fane command.
High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his Throne;

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Father of Verſe! in holy Fillets dreſt,
His Silver Beard wav'd gently o'er his Breaſt;
Tho' blind, a Boldneſs in his Looks appears,
In Years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by Years.
The Wars of *Troy* were round the Pillar ſeen;
Here fierce *Tydides* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen:
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus* Fall,
Here dragg'd in Triumph round the *Trojan* Wall.
Motion and Life did ev'ry Part inſpire,
Bold was the Work, and prov'd the Maſter's Fire;
A ſtrong Expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave Neglect.

A Golden Column next in Rank appear'd,
On which a Shrine of pureſt Gold was rear'd;

Finiſh'd

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry Part,
With patient Touches of unweary'd Art.
The *Mantuan* there in sober Triumph sate,
Compos'd his Posture, and his Look sedate;
On *Homer* still he fix'd a reverend Eye,
Great without Pride, in modest Majesty.
In living Sculpture on the Sides were spread
The *Latian* Wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral Pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged Sire:
Troy flam'd in burnish'd Gold, and o'er the Throne
Arms and the Man in Golden Cyphers shone.

Four Swans sustain a Carr of Silver bright,
With Heads advanc'd, and Pinions stretch'd for Flight;

Here,

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Here, like some furious Prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
A-cross the Harp a careless Hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding Strings,
The figur'd Games of *Greece* the Column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid Race:
The Youths hang o'er their Chariots as they run;
The fiery Steeds seem starting from the Stone;
The Champions in distorted Postures threat,
And all appear'd Irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* Lyre
To sweeter Sounds, and temper'd *Pindar*'s Fire:
Pleas'd with *Alcæus* manly Rage t' infuse
The softer Spirit of the *Sapphick* Muse.

The

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The polish'd Pillar different Sculptures grace;
A Work outlasting Monumental Brass.
Here smiling *Loves* and *Bacchanals* appear,
The *Julian* Star and Great *Augustus* here.
The Doves that round the Infant Poet spread
Myrtles and Bays, hung hov'ring o'er his Head.

Here in a Shrine that cast a dazling Light,
Sate fix'd in Thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
His Sacred Head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,
And various Animals his Sides surround;
His piercing Eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior Worlds, and look all Nature thro'.

With equal Rays immortal *Tully* shone,
The *Roman Rostra* deck'd the Consul's Throne:

Gath'ring

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Gath'ring his flowing Robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
In Act to ſpeak, and graceful, ſtretch'd his Hand:
Behind, *Rome*'s *Genius* waits with *Civic* Crowns,
And the Great Father of his Country owns.

These maſſie Columns in a Circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous Dome invades the Skies:
Scarce to the Top I ſtretch'd my aking Sight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a Height.
Full in the midſt, proud *Fame*'s Imperial Seat
With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid Em'ralds there revive the Eye;
The flaming Rubies ſhew their ſanguine Dye;
Bright azure Rays from lively Saphirs ſtream,
And lucid Amber caſts a Golden Gleam.

With

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With various-colour'd Lights the Pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing Throne;
The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze,
And forms a Rainbow of alternate Rays.
When on the *Goddeſs* firſt I caſt my Sight,
Scarce ſeem'd her Stature of a Cubit's height,
But ſwell'd to larger Size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry Moment grew,
And ampler *Viſta's* open'd to my View,
Upward the Columns ſhoot, the Roofs aſcend,
And Arches widen, and long Iles extend.
Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told,
Wings raiſe her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;
A Thouſand buſy Tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And Thouſand open Eyes, and Thouſand liſt'ning (Ears.

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Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her Virgin Handmaids) ſtill attend the Shrine;
With Eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the Voice, and tune the String.
With Time's firſt Birth began the Heav'nly Lays,
And laſt Eternal thro' the Length of Days.

Around theſe Wonders as I caſt a Look,
The Trumpet ſounded, and the Temple ſhook,
And all the Nations, ſummon'd at the Call,
From diff'rent Quarters fill the crowded Hall:
Of various Tongues the mingled Sounds were heard;
In various Garbs promiſcuous Throngs appear'd;
Thick as the Bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry Toils, and ſip the fragrant Dew,

When

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When the wing'd Colonies first tempt the Sky,
O'er dusky Fields and shaded Waters fly,
Or settling, seize the Sweets the Blossoms yield,
And a low Murmur runs along the Field.
Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all Degrees before the Goddess bend;
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
And boasting Youth, and Narrative old Age.
Their Pleas were diff'rent, their Request the same;
For Good and Bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with Honours crown'd;
Unlike Successes equal Merits found.
Thus her blind Sister, fickle *Fortune* reigns,
And undiscerning, scatters Crowns and Chains.

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First at the Shrine the Learned World appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their Prayer:
Long have we sought t'instruct and please Mankind,
With Studies pale, with Midnight Vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior Throne:
On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,
For *Fame* is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuse the Sound,
That fills the Circuit of the World around;
Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud;
The Notes at first were rather sweet than loud:

By

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By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies.
At ev'ry Breath were balmy Odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant Scents th' unfolding Rose exhales,
Or Spices breathing in *Arabian* Gales.

Next these the Good and Just, an awful Train,
Thus on their Knees address'd the sacred Fane.
Since living Virtue is with Envy curst,
And the best Men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our Merits forth,
And give each Deed th'exact intrinsic Worth.
Not with bare Justice shall your Act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above Desert renown'd;

Let

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Let fuller Notes th'applauding World amaze,
And the loud Clarion labour in your Praise.

This Band dismiss'd, behold another Crowd
Prefer'd the same Request, and lowly bow'd,
The constant Tenour of whose well spent Days
No less deserv'd a just Return of Praise.
But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds,
Thro' the big Dome the doubling Thunder bounds:
Loud as the Burst of Cannon rends the Skies,
The dire Report thro' ev'ry Region flies:
In ev'ry Ear incessant Rumours ring,
And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry Tongue,
From the black Trumpet's rusty Concave broke,
Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke;

The

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The pois'nous Vapor blots the purple Skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A Troop came next, who Crowns and Armour (wore,
And proud Defiance in their Looks they bore;
For thee (they cry'd) amidst Alarms and Strife,
We sail'd in Tempests down the Stream of Life;
For thee whole Nations fill'd with Flames and Blood,
And swam to Empire thro' the purple Flood.
Those Ills we dar'd thy Inspiration own,
And all that Virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.
Ambitious Fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your Acts in dark Oblivion crown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone,
Your Statues moulder'd, and your Names unknown.

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A ſudden Cloud ſtrait ſnatch'd them from my Sight,
And each Majeſtic Phantom ſunk in Night.

Then came the ſmalleſt Tribe I yet had ſeen,
Plain was their Dreſs, and modeſt was their Mein.
Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim
The Praiſe of Merit, nor aſpire to Fame;
But ſafe in Deſarts from the Applauſe of Men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sight
Thoſe Acts of Goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret Joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's ſake.

And live there Men who ſlight immortal Fame?
Who then with Incenſe ſhall adore our Name?

But

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But, Mortals know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt Pride,
To blaze thoſe Virtues which the Good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful Breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in Darkneſs and in Death.
She ſaid: in Air the trembling Muſick floats,
And up the Winds triumphant ſwell the Notes;
So ſoft, tho high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n lift'ning Angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:
To fartheſt Shores th' Ambroſial Spirit flies,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies.

Next theſe a youthful Train their Vows expreſt,
With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroid'ry dreſt;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your Eyes, and ſee
The Men of Pleaſure, Dreſs, and Gallantry:

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Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls and Plays;
Sprightly our Nights, polite are all our Days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing Care
To pay due Viſits, and addreſs the Fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we cou'd perſuade,
But ſtill in Fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry Maid;
Of unknown Dutcheſſes leud Tales we tell,
Yet would the World believe us, all were well.
The Joy let others have, and we the Name,
And what we want in Pleaſure, grant in Fame.

The Queen aſſents, the Trumpet rends the Skies,
And at each Blaſt a Lady's Honour dies.

Pleas'd with the ſtrange Succeſs, vaſt Numbers preſt
Around the Shrine, and made the ſame Requeſt:

What

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What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in Arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to your ſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with Eaſe,
Who loſe a Length of undeſerving Days;
Wou'd you uſurp the Lovers dear-bought Praiſe?
To juſt Contempt, ye vain Pretenders, fall,
The Peoples Fable, and the Scorn of all.
Strait the black Clarion ſends a horrid Sound,
Loud Laughs burſt out, and bitter Scoffs fly round,
Whiſpers were heard, with Taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful Hiſſes ran thro all the Croud.

Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty Miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their Country, or uſurp a Throne;
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,
On Sovereigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd,

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Calm thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,
Of crooked Counſels and dark Politicks;
Of theſe a gloomy Tribe ſurround the Throne,
And beg to make th' immortal Treaſons known.
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,
With Sparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the World on fire.
At the dread Sound, pale Mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled Nature trembled with the Blaſt.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome Pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the Scene, and ſnatch'd me from the Throne.
Before my View appear'd a Structure fair,
Its Site uncertain, if in Earth or Air;

With

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With rapid Motion turn'd the Manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs Noiſe the ringing Walls reſound:
Not leſs in Number were the ſpacious Doors,
Than Leaves on Trees, or Sands upon the Shores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by Night, by Day,
Pervious to Winds, and open ev'ry way.
As Flames by Nature to the Skies aſcend,
As weighty Bodies to the Center tend,
As to the Sea returning Rivers roll,
And the touch'd Needle trembles to the Pole:
Hither, as to their proper Place, ariſe
All various Sounds from Earth, and Seas, and Skies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the Ear;
Nor ever Silence, Reſt or Peace is here.
As on the ſmooth Expanſe of Chryſtal Lakes,
The ſinking Stone at firſt a Circle makes;

The

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The trembling Surface, by the Motion ſtir'd,
Spreads in a ſecond Circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating Rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry Plain, and to the Margin dance.
Thus ev'ry Voice and Sound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring Air a ſoft Impreſſion make;
Another ambient Circle then they move,
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro undulating Air the Sounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid Element.

There various News I heard, of Love and Strife,
Of Peace and War, Health, Sickneſs, Death, and Life;
Of Loſs and Gain, of Famine and of Store,
Of Storms at Sea, and Travels on the Shore,

Of

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Of Prodigies, and Portents ſeen in Air,
Of Fires and Plagues, and Stars with blazing Hair,
Of Turns of Fortune, Changes in the State,
The Falls of Fav'rites, Projects of the Great,
Of old Miſmanagements, Taxations new——
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd Multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by Fear, and Phantoms of a Day.
Aſtrologers, that future Fates foreſhew,
Projectors, Quacks, and Lawyers not a few;
And Prieſts and Party-Zealots, num'rous Bands
With home-born Lyes, or Tales from foreign Lands;

Each

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Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret Place,
And wild Impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry Face:
The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any Tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it, added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made Enlargements too,
In ev'ry Ear it ſpread, on ev'ry Tongue it grew.
Thus flying Eaſt and Weſt, and North and South,
News travel'd with Increaſe from Mouth to Mouth;
So from a Spark, that kindled firſt by Chance,
With gath'ring Force the quick'ning Flames advance;
Till to the Clouds their curling Heads aſpire,
And Tow'rs and Temples ſink in Floods of Fire.

When

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When thus ripe Lyes are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal Tongue,
Thro thousand Vents, impatient forth they flow,
And rush in Millions on the World below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their Course,
Their Date determines, and prescribes their Force;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
Around a thousand winged Wonders fly,
Born by the Trumpet's Blast, and scatter'd thro the Sky.

There, at one Passage, oft you might survey
A Lye and Truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro the narrow Vent:

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At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the Truth and Lye;
The ſtrict Companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no Mortal e'er ſhall find.

While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my Ear;
What cou'd thus high thy raſh Ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond Youth, a Candidate for Praiſe?

'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of Hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful Bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual Bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt:
How vain that ſecond Life in others Breath,
Th' Eſtate which Wits inherit after Death!

Eaſe,

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Eaſe, Health, and Life, for this we muſt reſign,
(Unſure the Tenure, but how vaſt the Fine!)
The Great Man's Curſe without the Gains endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd poor;
All luckleſs Wits our Enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous Friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her Favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all:
But if the Purchaſe coſts ſo dear a Price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs Sway,
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no Baſis bear my riſing Name,
But the fall'n Ruins of Another's Fame;
Then teach me Heaven! to ſcorn the guilty Bays;
Drive from my Breaſt that wretched Luſt of Praiſe;

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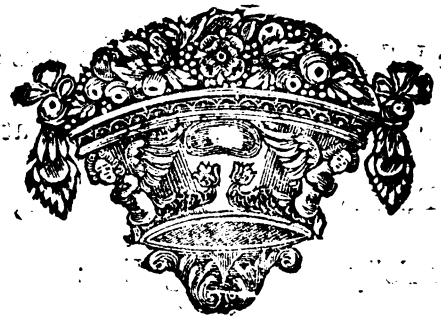
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,

Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!



NOTES

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NOTES.

SOME *modern Criticks, from a pretended Refinement of Taſte, have declar'd themſelves unable to reliſh allegorical Poems. 'Tis not eaſy to penetrate into the meaning of this Crititiſm; for if* Fable *be allow'd one of the chief Beauties, or as* Ariſtotle *calls it, the very* Soul *of Poetry, 'tis hard to comprehend how that Fable ſhould be the leſs valuable for having a Moral. The Antients conſtantly made uſe of Allegories: My Lord* Bacon *has compos'd an expreſs Treatiſe in proof of this, entitled,* The Wiſdom of the Antients; *where the Reader may ſee ſeveral particular Fictions exemplify'd and explain'd with great Clearneſs, Judgment and Learning. The Incidents indeed, by which the Allegory is convey'd, muſt be vary'd, according to the different Genius or Manners of different Times: and they ſhould never be ſpun too long, or too much clog'd with trivial Circumſtances, or little Particularities. We find an uncommon Charm in Truth, when it is convey'd by this Side-way to our Underſtanding; and 'tis obſervable, that even in the moſt ignorant Ages this way of Writing has found Reception. Almoſt all the Poems in the old* Pro-

vençal

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vençal *had this Turn; and from these it was that* Petrarch *took the Idea of his Poetry. We have his* Trionfi *in this kind; and* Boccace *pursu'd in the same Track. Soon after* Chaucer *introduc'd it here, whose* Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf, House of Fame, *and some others of his Writings are Master-Pieces of this sort. In Epick Poetry, 'tis true, too nice and exact a Pursuit of the Allegory is justly esteem'd a Fault; and* Chaucer *had the Discernment to avoid it in his* Knight's Tale, *which was an Attempt towards an Epick Poem.* Arioſto, *with less judgment, gave intirely into it in his* Orlando; *which tho carry'd to an Excess, had yet so much Reputation in* Italy, *that* Tasso *(who reduc'd Heroick Poetry to the juster Standard of the Antients) was forc'd to prefix to his Work a scrupulous Explanation of the Allegory of it, to which the Fable it-self could scarce have directed his Readers. Our Countryman* Spencer *follow'd, whose Poem is almost intirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of* Arioſto *rather than that of* Tasso. *Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of Writing (however discontinu'd of late) was in all Times so far from being rejected by the best Poets, that some of them have rather err'd by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far: And that to infer from thence that the Allegory it-self is vicious, is a presumptuous Contradiction to the Judgment and Practice of the greatest Genius's, both antient and modern.*

Pag.

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Pag. 11. *ver.* 3. So *Zembla*'s Rocks, *&c.* 1)

Tho a ſtrict Veriſimilitude be not requir'd in the Deſcriptions of this viſionary and allegorical kind of Poetry, which admits of every wild Object that Fancy may preſent in a Dream, and where it is ſufficient if the moral Meaning atone for the Improbability: Yet Men are naturally ſo deſirous of Truth, that a Reader is generally pleas'd, in ſuch a Caſe, with ſome Excuſe or Alluſion that ſeems to reconcile the Deſcription to Probability and Nature. The Simile here is of that ſort, and renders it not wholly unlikely that a Rock *of* Ice *ſhould remain for ever, by mentioning ſomething like it in the Northern Regions, agreeing with the Accounts of our modern Travellers.*

P. 12. *ver.* 1. Four Faces had the Dome, *&c.* 2)

The Temple is deſcrib'd to be ſquare, the four Fronts with open Gates facing the different Quarters of the World, as an Intimation that all Nations of the Earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The Weſtern Front is of Grecian *Architecture: the Dorick Order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Warriors. Thoſe whoſe Statues are here mention'd, were the firſt Names of old* Greece *in Arms and Arts.*

Pag. 13. *ver.* 3. There great *Alcides*, &c. 3)

This Figure of Hercules *is drawn with an eye to the Poſition of the famous Statue of* Farneſe.

Pag.

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(4 Pag. 14. *ver.* 4. And the great Founder of the *Perſian* Name.

Cyrus *was the Beginner of the* Perſian, *as* Ninus *was of the* Aſſyrian *Monarchy. The* Magi *and* Chaldeans *(the chief of whom was* Zoroaſter*) employ'd their Studies upon Magick and Aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the Learning of the antient* Aſian *People. We have ſcarce any Account of a moral Philoſopher except* Confucius, *the great Lawgiver of the* Chineſe, *who liv'd about two thouſand Years ago.*

(5 Pag. 15. *ver.* 2. *Egypt's* Prieſts, *&c.*

The Learning of the old Egyptian *Prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in Geometry and Aſtronomy: They alſo preſerv'd the Hiſtory of their Nation. Their greateſt Hero upon Record is* Seſoſtris, *whoſe Actions and Conqueſts may be ſeen at large in* Diodorus, *&c. He is ſaid to have caus'd the Kings he vanquiſh'd to draw him in his Chariot. The Poſture of his Statue, in theſe Verſes, is correſpondent to the Deſcription which* Herodotus *gives of one of this Prince's Statues remaining in his own time.*

(6 Pag. 15. *ver.* 11. Of *Gothick* Structure was the Northern Side.

The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the World. The Learning of the Northern *Nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt.* Zamolxis *was*

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was the Disciple of Pythagoras, *who taught the Immortality of the Soul to the* Scythians. Odin, *or* Woden, *was the great Legislator and Hero of the* Goths. *They tell us of him that being subject to Fits, he persuaded his Followers, that during those Trances he receiv'd Inspirations from whence he dictated his Laws. He is said to have been the Inventor of the* Runic *Characters.*

Pag. 16. *ver.* 5. Druids *and* Bards, *&c.* 7.)

These were the Priests and Poets of those People, so celebrated for their savage Virtue. Those heroick Barbarians accounted it a Dishonour to die in their Beds, and rush'd on to certain Death in the Prospect of an After-Life, and for the Glory of a Song from their Bards in praise of their Actions.

Pag. 17. *ver.* ult. The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd. 8.)

Alexander *the Great: The* Tiara *was the Crown peculiar to the* Asian *Princes: His Desire to be thought the Son of* Jupiter Ammon *caus'd him to wear the Horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his Coins, which was continu'd by several of his Successors.*

Pag. 18. *ver.* 10. *Timoleon* glorious in his Brother's Blood. 9.)

Timoleon *had sav'd the Life of his Brother* Timophanes *in the Battel between the* Argives

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and Corinthians; *but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the Tyranny, preferring his Duty to his Country to all the Obligations of Blood.*

(10. *Pag.* 19. *ver.* 3. ——He whom *Athens* did expel,
In all things juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell.

Ariſtides, *who for his great Integrity was diſtinguiſh'd by the Appellation of* the Juſt. *When his Countrymen would have baniſh'd him by the* Oſtraciſm, *where it was the Cuſtom for every Man to ſign the Name of the Perſon he voted to Exile in an Oyſter-Shell; a Peaſant, who could not write, came to* Ariſtides *to do it for him, who readily ſign'd his own Name.* Vide Plutarch. *See the ſame Author of* Phocion, Agis, *&c.*

(11. *Pag.* 19. *ver.* 9. But in the Center of the hallow'd Quire, *&c.*

In the midſt of the Temple, neareſt the Throne of Fame, *are plac'd the greateſt Names in Learning of all Antiquity. Theſe are deſcrib'd in ſuch Attitudes as expreſs their different Characters. The Columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with Sculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking Subjects of their Works; which are ſo executed, as that the Sculpture bears a Reſemblance in its Manner and Character, to the Manner and Character of their Writings.*

Pag.

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Pag. 21. *ver.* 13. Four Swans ſuſtain, *&c.* 12.

Pindar *being ſeated in a Chariot, alludes to the Chariot-Races he celebrated in the* Grecian *Games. The Swans are the Emblems of the* Ode, *as their ſoaring Poſture intimates the Sublimity and Activity of his Genius.* Neptune *preſided over the* Iſthmian, *and* Jupiter *over the* Olympian *Games.*

Pag. 22. *ver.* 13. Pleas'd with *Alcæus'* manly Rage t' infuſe 13.
The ſofter Spirit of the *Saphick* Muſe.

This expreſſes the mixt Character of the Odes of Horace. *The ſecond of theſe Verſes alludes to that Line of his:*

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camænæ

As another which follows, to that,

Exegi Monumentum ære perennius.

The Action of the Doves *hints at a Paſſage in the 4th Ode of his third Book.*

Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
Fronde nova puerum Palumbes
Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus —
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem & urſis: ut premerer ſacra

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Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non ſine Dis animoſus infans.

Which may be thus engliſh'd;

While yet a Child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in a Deſart ſleeping lay;
The ſavage Race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muſes future Bard:
But Cytheræa's *gentle Dove*
Myrtles *and* Bays *around me ſpread,*
And crown'd your Infant Poet's Head,
Sacred to Muſick *and to* Love.

FINIS.

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Jan 19. 171$\frac{4}{5}$.

PROPOSALS

For Printing by Subſcription the

WORKS

Of the Celebrated and Antient

ENGLISH POET

Jeoffrey Chaucer,

ANNE R.

WHEREAS Our Truſty and Well-beloved *John Urry*, Student of *Chriſt-Church* College in Our Univerſity of *Oxford*, hath humbly repreſented unto Us, that he hath with great Labour and Expence prepared for the Preſs a compleat and correct Copy of the Works of *Jeoffrey Chaucer*, with a Gloſſary; and in order thereunto has carefully peruſed and compared, not only all the former Editions of Value,

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Value, but many rare and antient Manuſcripts, not hitherto conſulted; from the collating of which he hath in a great meaſure reſtored and perfected the Text, amending many Errors and Corruptions that have crept in, and continued in all the Editions hitherto printed, remarked many Pieces in them falſly aſcribed to *Chaucer*, and added ſeveral entire Tales never yet printed, as well as many ſingle Lines hitherto omitted in former Editions of this Work: by which Alterations, Amendments and Additions, the Work is in a manner become new, and has therefore humbly beſought Us to grant him our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years. We being graciouſly inclin'd to encourage the ſaid Undertaking, are pleaſed to condeſcend to his Requeſt, and do therefore by theſe Preſents grant unto him the ſaid *John Urry*, his Heirs, Executors, Adminiſtrators and Aſſigns, Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing the Works of *Jeoffrey Chaucer*, as he hath collated them, with the Manuſcripts and the Gloſſary aforeſaid, for the Term of Fourteen Years from the Date hereof; ſtrictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint the ſame, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever; or to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter or Diſtribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforeſaid Term of Fourteen Years, without

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without the Consent and Approbation of the said *John Orry*, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril. Whereof the Master, Warden, and Company of *Stationers* are to take notice, that the same may be enter'd in their Register, and that due Obedience be render'd thereunto.

Given at our Court at *Kensington* the Twentieth Day of *July*, 1714. in the Thirteenth Year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,

W. Bromley.

The PROPOSALS *are as follow*, viz.

I. THIS Work is intended to be Printed in one Volume *Folio*, and will contain near Two Hundred and Twenty Sheets.

II. The Cuts shall be engrav'd by the best Gravers, and printed at the Head of each Tale.

III. The Price to Subscribers will be Thirty Shillings for one compleat Book in Sheets, Fifteen to be paid in hand, the Remainder upon Delivery of such Book.

IV. A small Number will be printed on a fine Royal Paper, which will be Fifty Shillings, half to be paid in hand.

V. This

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V. This Work will be put into the Press on *Lady-Day* next, and is intended to be publish'd the *Christmas* following.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the Undertaker *Bernard Lintott* between the *Temple-Gates*, Assignee to Mr. *Urry*, and by most Booksellers in *London*, and in the Country.

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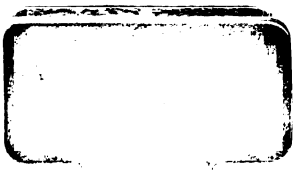

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